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THE FABLE OF BUBO and TURTURELLA

Which takes in all Manner of *Cuckoldome*, with a good Variety of Cases.

Marito
Furta tori, furtique locum monstravit.
OVID. MET.

DUBLIN:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE FABLE OF BUBO and TURTURELLA.

ONCE on a Time by Stress of Weather,
A *Dove* and *Owl* were driv'n together
Into an Ivy-bush for Shelter,
Where he the Moment that he felt her,
Complain'd that *Cupid*'s flaming Arrow
Transfixt his Breast, and burn'd his Marrow;
Nor cou'd he now conceal his Love,
But speaks his Passion to the *Dove*.

Tell

Ten thouſand am'rous Things he ſaid,
To gain her to his Marriage-bed;
For Birds, *Mythologiſts* agree,
Had Language then as well as we,
The Courtſhip's ſhort, ſhe gives Conſent,
And Straight-way to a Prieſt they went;
A *Raven* on a neighb'ring Tree,
Who cou'd not bear the Sight to ſee;
It vext him to the very Soul
To ſee a *Dove* contract an *Owl*,
So tipt the Winck, and ſtept aſide,
And thus he whiſper'd to the Bride.
Dear Miſtreſs *Dove* you do but jeſt;
What take an *Owl* into your Neſt!
If this you do, you muſt determin
To have it litter'd all with Vermin,
Your Thoughts to live with him are nonſenſe,
And I forbid it out of Conſcience.
He ſpoke, and preſt, and preſt again,
But all his Arguments were vain.
Things were between 'em too far carry'd,
And ſo in Short the Couple marry'd,

And Home they went for Conſummation,
But whether any Procreation
Enſued, what Matters it ſuppoſe I
Shou'd leave it to the *Virtuoſi*.
The Curſe when Marriage is unequal!
Reader obſerve it by the Sequel.

In one Night's Time, the Paſſion's over,
He's now a Husband, not, a Lover;
Next Day he wiſhes for a third,
And ſhe is for another Bird.
My Dear, ſaid ſhe, *Let's walk to Day*,
In ſurly Tone he anſwers *Nay*.
The Sky is beautiful and bright
I care not, for I hate, the Light.
She cou'd not turn her Neck, and coo
But he muſt grumble *What d'ee do?*
You're now awake, what makes you ſpore?
What's that to you, You ſpeckl'd Whore.
Such Language rais'd her Indignation,
But ſhe had ſenſe to hide her Paſſion;

For

For well she knew the marry'd State;
Wives are undone shou'd they Debate;
Tho' Reason joins in their Dispute,
The Husband will by Force confute.
She cou'd not stand, nor walk, nor sit,
But he was in an angry Fit.
His Diet is on Rats and Mice,
She cannot eat them she's too nice,
And he will give no other Meat,
She languishes for Pease and Wheat.
All Day she's to the House confin'd.
Tho' much to gad Abroad inclin'd.
She cou'd not budge, but he was jealous,
And told her of a hundred Fellows.
Thinks she, e'er I thus longer truckle,
By *Venus*, I'll make thee a Cuckold,
And so resolves it out of Spight,
Not knowing *Babo* saw by Night.
She waits at Home till it grew dark,
And out she flies to find a Spark.
And one she found —— The Prince of Eagles,
Whom she with all her Art inveigles,

At once to love her and protect her,
From a rude, royſtr'ing, brutal *Hector*;
Nay more, ſhou'd *Mumpſimus* diſcover
Her new Intrigue, with her new Lover,
She had her Bully always nigh her,
To thraſh the Cuckold and ſtand by her.

The Lovers have no Time to loſe,
As he appoints away ſhe goes,
And perches in a private Buſh,
(For what the Reader ſhall not bluſh)
A Buſh wherein her Husband ſat,
Upon the Watch to kill a Rat;
By poring long, he ſcarce cou'd keep
His Eyes from falling faſt aſleep,
Till a new Incident aroſe,
Which help'd to hinder his Repoſe.
He hears a ruſtling made him rouze,
In comes a Bully to his Spouſe;
He ſaw them to his great Surprize
Tho' dark, yet ſcarce believ'd his Eyes,

He ſaw but durſt not budge, or ſpeak,
How oft ſhe kiſs'd his Royal Beak.
He ſaw, how like his Maſter *Jove*,
The furious Bird made furious Love.
He ſaw, what he preſag'd before,
Himſelf a *Dupe*, his Wife a *Whore*,
And was it not a wretched Caſe?
His Wife enjoy'd before his Face!
And he upon a Branch of Thorns,
An Emblem of his future Horns.

The Lovers cloy'd (the Male at leaſt)
The Female hies her to her Neſt;
Was there before her Lord and Maſter
By half an Hour (for ſhe flew faſter.)
With Claw and Bill in wondrous Haſte,
Her Feathers were in Order plac'd;
She fear'd, altho' her Dear was blind,
He might th' Amour by feeling find;
And therefore to avoid Suſpicion
She ſleek'd them to a ſmooth Condition.

Now

Now in comes *Hub*——The first salute
Was dirty Drab, and barb'rous Brute,
And *Devil*'s Imp, and wanton Jade,
No Muse can tell the worst he said.
In vain she strove excuse to make,
He wou'd not give her Leave to speak;
He spurn'd, he scratcht, he tore, he bit,
Poor Madam fell into a Fit,
He broke her Wing, and Sprain'd her Leg,
Made her miscarry of an Egg;
Stript all her Feathers of the Rump,
And made it quite a naked Stump;
Thus lay she in a woful Plight,
Groaning for Love and Pain all Night;
Nor did he trouble more his Head,
But left her so, and went to Bed.
Next Morning by the Peep of Day,
She crawls abroad and steals away;
Makes shift, altho' she was dis-jointed,
To meet at five where she appointed.
She tells the Eagle all that past,
And hangs her Head, and looks aghast,

And ſpeaks in ſuch a moving Tone,
As might engage a Heart of Stone.
That ſhe might more Compaſſion find,
She ſhews the naked Truth behind.
At which enraged the Eagle broke
Thro' ſilent Grief, and thus he ſpoke.

Great Maſter *Jove*, and Loves great Queen,
Was ever ſuch a Villain ſeen?
To wound and ſtrip this lovely Creature!
To ſhew what was conceal'd by Nature!
Her ſecret Parts I ſay to ſhew!
To ev'ry Kite, and ev'ry Crow!
Alike expos'd to ev'ry Eye,
Each tatling *Jay*, and pratling *Pye*!
And now methinks I hear a *Rail*,
Cry, *Turturella loſt her Tail.*
Thro ev'ry Wood and Field it rings
O had ſhe rather loſt her Wings!
O had he ſtript her Belly quite!
Or any Feathers leſs in Sight.

By

By thoſe red Bolts this right Claw bears,
I'll ſlit his Noſe and crop his Ears.
His Rump the ſame Way I'll uncaſe,
And ſtick his Feathers in the Place.

He ſpoke, that Inſtant, by dire Chance,
Poor *Bubo* ſlowly did advance,
In Queſt of his eloping Spouſe;
For he juſt miſt her from the Houſe.
The Eagle ſpies him, up he ſprings,
Exalted on extended Wings,
Till mounting to a wondrous Height,
And there collecting all his Might,
He ſhootes, he darts, he ſouſes down,
And cleaves the Cuckold's horned Crown,
Who cas'd his Claws, and twirl'd around,
His Life-blood ſtreaming to the Ground;
He fell——and on a Cow-turd lay,
And ſhriek'd, and ſprawl'd his Life away.
The Lady's free, her Chains are broke,
But Reader now obſerve the Joke,

The

The ſpark who loos'd her Marriage-chains,
Wou'd fain enjoy her for his Pains.
And who in Love ſo fierce as he?
And who was e'er ſo coy as ſhe?
She now denies to let him have
The Joys, before ſhe freely gave;
She muſter'd ev'ry female Art,
To gain Dominion o'er his Heart;
Wou'd ſeem when he advanc'd to fret,
And was ſo perfectly *Coquet*
In ev'ry Ayre, and ev'ry Turn,
It made his Love much higher burn;
Ev'n with the wiſe ſuch Arts prevail,
When Senſe and modeſt Nature fail.
He felt, the Rage, the Pangs, the Grief
Of ſlighted Love without Relief.
He ſtrove to gain her ſev'ral Ways,
But Love, impatient of Delays
(Tho' Love and Reaſon were at Striſe)
Prevails, and ſhe is made his Wiſe.
I think they liv'd a Week in Peace,
When Love of Courſe, began to ceaſe,

For when the Marriage Torch is out,
Tis natural to growl and pout.
She found Neglect, he ſaw Diſlike,
Which made her ſcold, and made him Strike.
They who obſerv'd the Truth, will tell us,
That each was of the other Jealous.
Nor Wonder, ſince we can't forget,
They both gave Cauſe before they met.
I mean before in marriage Bands,
The thoughtleſs Couple join'd their Hands.
He bit, She ſcratcht, He roar'd, She ſqual'd,
And was moſt barbarouſly mawl'd.
All over Torn in bloody Scars,
With ſcarce one Feather to her A.——
And had ſhe not eſcap'd by Night,
Tis thought he wou'd have kill'd her quite.

She vows Revenge, like ſome loſt Woman,
Beſtows her Favours now in Common.
Thoſe who enquire for Secrets Talk,
Her firſt Affair was with a Hawk;

The next a Kite, the next a Pidgeon,
A Curlew, Wood-cock, and a Widgeon,
There is a Pye that ſwears, ſhe knows,
One Evening ſhe had twenty Crows.
What ever Haunts Woods, Fields, or Lakes,
Of all alike Gallants ſhe makes;
And thus ſhe found Revenge was ſweet,
Embracing all that ſhe cou'd meet.
But ſee the Eagle's laſt diſgrace,
She makes a Wren ſupply his Place.
The Thing took Wind; The Birds took Handle,
From this to blaze abroad the Scandal.
Each perching Raven from his Oak,
Laugh'd out a low'd and told the Joke:

The Eagle hears on't, out comes he,
And ſculkt *perdue* behind a Tree.
He ſaw the little am'rous Urchin,
Upon the naked Rump a perchin.
No longer can he now forbear;
To think a Wren ſhou'd be his Heir!

It rais'd him to the utmoſt Anger
Reſolv'd to drown his Wife or hang her;
(Such was the *Spaniſh Monarch's* Rage
When cuckled by a Dwarf his Page)
But Rage will no Delays admit,
He took and tore her Bit by Bit.
The Wren's below his Indignation;
He makes allowance for Temptation;
Experience too inſtructs him, the Male
Is never Proof againſt the Female,
When ſhe the Onſet firſt begins
By Wiles and Smiles and Snares and Gins.
However, to make good his Cauſe,
He claſp'd the Wren within his Claws,
There kept him Priſ'ner, ſav'd his Life,
To prove the Baſeneſs of his Wife.
To ev'ry Bird he met, he ſaid,
See the Defiler of my Bed.
The Author of my great Diſhonor,
The wanton Jade, my Curſe upon her.
Had ſhe ſome tow'ring Faulcon ta'en,
Or any Bird I cou'd have ſlain;

My Passion with his Blood I'd spend,
And there my Grief shou'd have an End.
But here I have no Blood to spill,
And therefore am asham'd to kill.
Thus having said, he let him fall;
The Wren flew off to the next Wall,
Where in a Hole he took Retreat;
There found a Spider with his Mate,
And shook his Wings and blest his Fate.

THE MORAL

This Fable is concerted for all
The marry'd Kind, and has it's Moral.
It may be construed several Ways,
So turn and use it as you please.
The Best and Worst may something See,
Will to their Circumstance agree.

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FINIS